

OXTER MY LADDIE's

68

GARLAND,

Composed in Four Excellent

NEW SONGS.

1 Oxter my Laddie

2 The London Joiner.

3 Bob and his Landlady.

4 A new Irish Song.



Licensed and entered according to Order

OXTER MY LADDIE's GARLAND, &c.

OXTER my LADDIE.

FIRST when my Laddie and I did meet,
He treated me with kisses so sweet;
It was low down, in the meadows so green,
I oxter'd my Laddie where we was not seen,

Where we was not seen,

Where we was not seen.

I oxter'd my Laddie where we was not seen.

But I being young and in my prime
Kissing then I thought no crime;
But my stays are turn'd strait they'll not meet by a span,
And all for the oxtering my Laddie so lang,

My Laddie so lang, &c.

When first my stays began to turn strait;
I went to my Laddie and told him that,
He said they'd got rain, and had copen in,
No says she, my Laddie that's not the thing,

My Laddie that's not the thing.

First when my stays I began for to wear,
Neither Kirk nor Session I did fear,
With Ruffles and Ribbons, and every thing braw,
That few thought I'd oxter'd my Laddie at a'

My Laddie at a'.

My Love was so handsome in every degree,
His comely looks to ensnared me ;
But my Belly's grown big, and my Heart's full of care,
And I'll never oter my Laddie nae mair,
My Laddie nae mair, &c.

My Daddie's like to be my death,
For losing of my maidenhead,
With a rock and a reel my Minney does me bang,
And all for the otering my Laddie so lang,
My Laddie sa lang, &c.

My Sister daily frowns on me,
For losing my Virginity ;
My Brother calls me Whore and Jade,
And all for the otering my bouny Lad,
My bonny Lad, &c.

But if my sweet babe it was born,
My Parents ne'er shall hold me in scorn,
For all their frowns I would disdain,
In hopes for to oter my Laddie again.
My Laddie again, &c.

I will never grudge what I've done,
Since my first-born is a son,
With a Pan and the Spoon he frother'd shall be,
And the Daddy of him for to oter me,
To oter me, &c.

My Laddie he sent a love letter to me,
That in a short time we marry'd should be,
The same I receiv'd with heart and good will,
In hopes for to oter my Laddie still,
My Laddie still, &c.

My Laddie gave me a braw gold ring,
On our Wedding Night a far better thing.

And a' the o'erwood of the tune
Was oxt'er the Bride in the Af'noon,
In the Afternoon, &c.

My Daddy he my Tocher paid,
That very day that I was married;
But what's gone and past we ne'er can recall,
Yet I'll oxt'er my Laddie in spite of them all,
In spite of them all, &c.

Thirteen Maidens all in a row,
That day to the Kirk with me did go,
It was a braw time of sweet delight,
For I oxt'er'd my Laddie the Length of the Night,
*The Length of the Night,
The Length of the Night,
For I oxt'er'd my Laddie the length of the Night.*



The London Joiner.

THERE lives a Lad in London Town,
A Joiner to his Station;
And he did court the handsomest Girl,
That liv'd in all our nation.

He courted her with compliments,
Thinking for to intice her;
But aye her answer was to him,
Dicky, no, not I, Sir.

Dick was young and very young,
And full of Rogue's Invention;

And still he swore o'er and o'er,
He'd follow Rogue's Invention.

Dick was young and very young,
He was both brisk and airy ;
He bought a suit of Woman's Cloaths,
His message for to carry.

Dick came to his true lover's door,
He asked for a master ;
She modestly answer'd him,
We've had none since last Easter.

You seem to be a tender girl,
And sore Work will destroy you ;
If you can cook, both roast and boild,
My Mistrefs will employ you,

Dick was hir'd out and out,
For fifty shillings yearly ;
And all that he took in hand he did,
And his Mistrefs lov'd him dearly.

Dicky he is gone to bed,
With his beloved Nelly,
Aye she says, my Country Girl,
Why don't you lie nigh me ?

Nell began to tell him,
How she was lov'd by many :
A brisk young Lad, a Joiner's Son,
Swore that he lov'd me dearly.

Nell

Nell did sleep, and Dick did creep,
 To his beloved Nelly ;
 He gave her a kiss and did not miss,
 But more I cannot tell you.

Nell she awaken'd in the night,
 Like one being quite distracted,
 And aye, she sighs, and says, alas !
 I fear you be Dick the Joiner.

Hold your tongue you foolish girl,
 You deeve me with your talking,
 Some notion is put in your brain,
 Our Mistress you will waken.

Up Dick rose put on his cloaths,
 He left his Nelly mourning ;
 And still when she thought on her love,
 She thought long for Dick's returning.

All you young lads in London Town,
 That are both brisk and airy,
 See that you never a love beguil,
 As Dick beguiled Nelly.



A new Song called BOB and his LANDLADY.

UPON my march it was my lot my Billet for to share,
 Upon an Inn it made me grin to see my Dame so fair,
 My Landlord proved kind to me and I good Quarters got,
 It's true I kiss'd my Landlady, let that stand there.

My

My Landlord he did frown for doing of this deed,
 Because I did relieve his Wife in time of need,
 He being a petty Constable for him I did not care,
 It's true I kifs'd, &c.

Our Orders were for Ireland fresh Quarters to prepare,
 Which made our handsome Lady begin to curse and swear,
 She said I'll go with Bob, let Bob go e'er so far,
 For Bob's the Lad that lov'd me well, &c.

Farewell my handsome Landlady, I must pursue my rout,
 Then stay with me pray Bob says she we'll have the other bout,
 I'll rob my Husband of his gold and thou the same shall share,
 For thou is the Lad, &c.

Full twenty Guineas in my hand she lovingly did squeeze,
 And said now Bob pray think on me when you are on the seas;
 Pray think on me we'll both agree that both one fate may share,
 For thou is the Lad, &c.

A new Irish SONG.

MY Breast is uneasy, I have lost my Wits,
 Sleeping or waking I have raving Fits:
 Whilst my Rival is absent I steal a sweet kifs,
 Whilst she is speaking, my Heart is breaking,
 My Dear, what is this !

My Rose is charming, who can compare,
 With red rosey cheeks, and charming Hair,
 Remain here no longer, but go with me,
 And soon we will be join'd in sweet Unity.

Her Waist it is slender, skin Milk-white,
 And as she sits by me she gives me delight :
 Her Breath like the Roses, with sweet perfume,
 Her Skin like a Lilly that grows in June.

Be

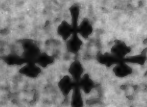
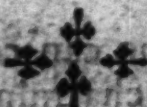
Be kind and loving to my charming Rose,
 For great Lords and Princes they do suppose,
 To be the Stars of this province which we do own,
 and her Equal in this Country cannot be known.

Take Courage, my Jewel, and do not grieve,
 As I protest I'll do the best, my sweet rose to please,
 For my happiness is so interwove with thine,
 Let me beseech my love, to join thy heart to mine

Were the Moon eclips'd in great sight of blood
 I could face Mars in armour wherever he stood,
 Then would I return to yonder Mountain high,
 To see my dear Jewel before I die.

Her Waist it is slender, her skin Milk-white,
 And as she sits by me she is my delight:
 She walks forth on Sunday to take the Air,
 My Jewel your Beauty does my heart ensnare.

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